

The St. Joseph's Collegian, Rensselaer, Indiana.

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1904.

Nos. 9 and 10.

The Sacred Heart.

I N mystic veil enshrined
Our pledge and treasure lies;
Its throbs, Love's sweetest sighs,
No soul has e'er divined.
The humble cell, God's habitation poor,
No gorgeous majesty displays;
In silence hidden glories lure
All grateful hearts to praise.

The spear, on Calvary's height,
Drew forth the crimson tide;
It still in Jesus' side
Here burns with love and light.
A gentle voice appeals in accents low
To sinner's heavy-burdened heart:
"O come to Me, from sin and woe,
Be cleansed; no more depart."

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.

Idealism and Realism in Literature.

“Zwischen Sinnenglueck und Seelenfrieden
Bleibt dem Menschen nur die bange Wahl.”

—SCHILLER.

PLATO, one of the greatest of Classic Greek minds, represents the soul as driving two steeds; “the one steed leans and presses heavily towards the earth, the other is beautiful and noble and of a god-like character.” This is but a semblance of the two opposing forces in man, one of which leads him on to the spiritual, the noble, the ideal sphere of thought; the other toward the concrete, the material, the debasing. This picture of Plato’s tells in allegory what the Apostle St. Paul defines clearly when he speaks of the two opposing elements within himself—the law of his members fighting against the law of his mind.

We know too well that since the fall of man there are two forces at work within him, the one to raise, the other to lower; but we also know that there is an all-powerful spirit above us that aids the nobler force in conquering the less noble, if it but will to conquer. Such is human nature, and accordingly, as the one of the two spirits predominates, so will be the spirit of the individual man.

“Literature is the written expression of man’s various relations to the universe and its Creator,” says Dr. Pallen. Being the expression of man’s relations to the Creator, it is also the true reflection of the struggle in man, the warring between the good and the bad, the struggle between the forces that tend to drag him down to a lower sphere, to the material and ignoble, and the forces that tend to raise him to a nobler, a higher sphere.

Good literature with all good art has always had a purpose, and even unconsciously this purpose has been to raise man, to make him better. To effect this there has always been an element in the writings of old that made them what they were. True poetry cannot exist without it, neither can writings of any kind that profess to have an ennobling value. This element is the culture of the ideal, or in one word, *idealism*. The idealist endeavors to depict man and things as they were before his fall; he tries to portray the spirit as the lord over the lower self, he shows the struggle between the two forces, and terrible though it be, the spirit is the victor; he seeks to raise by keeping the essential in man before him, the image of the Creator, to show him what he ought to be and not what he is. Though the real show the reverse, he seeks to draw man upward, by creating a loathing for his own evil deeds and to elevate him by touching his sense of admiration, by showing him the beauty, the simplicity, the harmony of the life of the spirit and the mind. He endeavors to sensibly portray the idea of perfection as seen by the intellect.

The portrayal of the ideal was the spirit of the ancient Greek and Roman literature. True it is, they were pagan ideals, they could not be above that. Such, too, was the idealism of the Northern Sagas. These grand and wonderful epics that grew from the noblest thought and action of previous ages, were calculated to make their listeners better, braver and nobler, by keeping before their eyes forms that represented the pagan idea of perfection. Their ideal, the best they could conceive, was that of the patriot, the warrior, the man of honor, and this was the constant theme, the under-current in all their literary and art productions. Unconsciously they endowed their gods with the attributes of the perfect man, conceived as he was by

them; for beyond reason and the few notes they received from nature and the misty traditions that had been transmitted to them they could not go.

But Greece, the great representative of pagan idealism, produced greater minds; she produced a Socrates, a Plato and an Aristotle. The mere ideals of poetry were not enough for them; they sought more, they meditated and contemplated men and things. They found in man something strikingly intricate, something they could not satisfactorily explain. They found a certain thirst within themselves for truth and goodness; they recognized the two opposing elements in man. They thought and thought and endeavored to proceed upward, to generalize, to establish unities, and the result of their efforts are embodied in that sublimest record of pagan intellectual activity, the treatise on the spiritual force in man, the *Phaedrus* of Plato. This was the progress of thought of the Greeks. What the poets had unconsciously suggested and pictured as they saw it; the men of thought, the philosophers, sought, found, but could not explain. They found non-perfection in the real, and sought the perfection of the ideal; that which the mind saw unimpaired. In the ideal they found the soul. But here they stopped, they could go no further, they had gone as far as the light of unaided reason could take them, and things were quite vague; *they* called them mysteries.

Greek thought became the admiration of the Classic Roman. Greece taught Rome. Rome admired and humbly listened to these mysteries which seemed divine to Cicero as they had seemed to Plato. Both Greece and Rome thirsted after more, but could go no further.

History relates the fall of Rome, and the dark veil that shrouded civilization for four centuries after.

But before her fall another law, another doctrine, had risen. The Fathers of Christianity plaited it into the literature of their times. It grew and the last of the great Roman minds, St. Augustine, beheld the intellectual world bowing to a new ideal, a known ideal, a clear ideal. It was an ideal that rested in Divine revelation and around it clustered all thought, all intellectual effort that knew truth for ever after—it was the ideality of the Word, the Son of God, and his reality in the Incarnation. Men saw something greater in this ideal than the mere perfection of the natural virtues; in it they saw a new kind of perfection, a perfection akin to the supernatural, and they saw it in a clear, bright light. It had but appeared, a few had caught its gleam: no nation had been formed to greatness by it yet, when came the black pall of the northern invasion. For five centuries all Christianity labored under the awful darkness. But under it was the bright light of Christianity, in her bosom was sheltered the grand ideal of Christian perfection, of intellectual activity directed toward the Creator of all.

The dawn came, and with it the birth of the poets in the North and South. A spirit was abroad, the spirit of the Christian Muse; the spirit of Christian ideality. But it was still unsettled, nervous, crude. As great minds had drawn out the ideals of the Greeks, undefined as they were, so great minds should shape the Christian ideal;—this was the work of the School. It calmed the storms, showed a path, gathered in the straggling forces: it formed a consistency in reason, an harmonious whole. Great men thought and their thought was crowned with a system of philosophy that restored order in the chaos. Their work practically culminated in the *Summa* of St. Thomas, the great embodiment of Christian thought. The Christian spirit, the Christian muse, a something that the

world had not seen before, began to be felt in the realms of art and poetry, in painting and sculpture and architecture. Genius was fired with the thought of its own nobility. It knew its life-giving spark was bought "with a great price." The world again saw an ideal, but it was no longer the ideal of the pagan classic period, it was greater, it was purer, it was the Christian ideal, the ideal of devotion and of perfection.

The works of this ideal are based on the pictures of the soul; the essential, the grand, the lofty: little detail, all in unities. These works are the hints of the existing invisible within, that struggles to free itself from bondage. It is the ideal of the most beautiful, it is formed according to the laws of harmony; it breathes charity; it is tranquil, lofty, strong, majestic, chaste, god-like.

This ideal pervaded the entire generation. Devotion was its spirit; "all sung the canticle of united Faith reason and art" to the Almighty Origin of all. Dante's soul poured forth the ecstatic strains of an almost beatific vision; Raphael and Michael Angelo, with their mighty-moving powers, drew heavenly forms; the grand gothic structures raised their spires toward the heavens; everywhere on earth was a semblance of the heavenly ideal.

But sorrow looked upon the sunset of that harmonious day. The setting of the ideal is truth, and religion nurtures the highest truths. Another spirit had gone abroad; it destroyed the unity of faith, and its pledge, obedience; it was the spirit of revolt, and Protestantism engendered it. The grandest ideal, the unity of the Christian fold, was destroyed.

In its wake followed the new philosophy, the philosophy of the detail, the trivial, the material; it lost sight of the life-giving element, of the soul. Bacon and Decartes began in earnest, the new philosophy

gained ground, the French positiveists continued the detrimental work. Fichte, Hegel, Shopenhauer and Spencer fulfilled the deed. Darwin and Haeckel destroyed what little remained of the good in the ideal world by destroying the permanence of type, and all was again chaos. Reason was no longer consistent. Instead of following the ideals of the intellect, it pursued the distorted creatures of the phantasy; sensism reigned supreme and dragged all down to the concrete, the material, the grovelling ultra-real.

Literature caught the spirit. First came the sneers and scoffs of the school of Voltaire, the mockery of the French encyclopaedists, and from the time of Balzac we must reckon with two spirits in the realms of literature, that of idealism and that of realism. Realism, or ultra-realism, as it is mostly called, to distinguish it from the healthy realism such as Shakespeare typifies, also follows a purpose, and that purpose is usually the pretentious one of social reform. The realist paints life down to disgusting minutiae and the most trivial details, but while professing to be painting the real, he deceives himself and his readers by not taking into account the spiritual side of man, he paints with a prejudice, and gives but half of the truth and the worst half at that. Realism displays the corrupted human nature; it shows the bad but not the way to the good; it is a child of the materialistic spirit of dissection. "It is the implied absence of the beautiful, the lack of the moral consonance in man's life that makes realism. It is the apostolate of the ugly, and shuns the ideal as a pest," says Dr. Pallen. It has a Janus-like aspect; a good and a bad side, according to the prejudice of the reader, whereas idealism can show but one side, and that the good side. Idealism, it is true, also paints realities, but is reality tintured with the life-giving principle, the presence of the human soul? It

takes up the real and works it over into the beautiful as the bee resolves the nectar into honey.

Realism is a negation and has usurped the place of idealism in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It can only appear in the drama and in the novel. Poetry it cannot claim. When it does try to claim it, it always results in a jingle of verse and non-chalant allusions to the non-existence of the spiritual principle, or to some kind of mysterious nothingness. Where formerly the poet looked kindly upon the little flower by the wayside with a thought of God and himself in his meditations, the realist dissects cold-bloodedly, with but one thought, and that of matter. For the intellectual ideal it substitutes idle illusions of the fancy. Its spirit is that of malign, dark melancholia. What is beyond sense is beyond its range of expression. Its highest form is but an aesthetic appeal to the senses.

Realism and materialism constitute the spirit of our age. But all is not dead, the Christian ideal still survives. To the deeply colored novels and dramas of the school of Zola and Ibsen we can oppose with glad-denied heart the works of a truly Catholic School, the teachers of which are such lights as a Newman, a Wiseman and a Weber, with their unequalled productions, *Fabiola* and *Callista*, and *Dreizenlinden*. Nothing can equal the steadfastness of their ideals, they are clear and pure as crystals, but still full of life, warm and aglow with triumph. Not since the day of Dante has the world seen such a gem of poetry as the "Dream of Gerontius", or the beauty of a character like Dion or Agnes. Be it our wish that this spirit, the spirit of the Catholic Christian ideal, not only live, but destroy all others in the realms of literature and art.

I. A. WAGNER, '04.

Stella Matutina, Ora pro nobis!

A SUMMONS came from God on high
And call'd a dear one to the sky—
What God had giv'n, that God may take:
Should death, O heart, then bid thee break?
Lo! Hope, so patient, bright, sublime,
Is left to heal thy wound in time.

How many a day effulgent born,
Grew darker on the lips of morn;
How many a child that promise gave,
Fell victim to an early grave:
E'en then, O heart, no plaint is thine;
Far less when age had wrought decline.

If all must come, and all must go,
And leave behind this land of woe:
Why shouldst thou mourn and ceaseless weep,
When lov'd ones lie in peaceful sleep?
How many a semblance of the grave
Our faded years too truly gave!

Though dark the night, and dread the sea,
O star of Hope, we look to thee
Be thou our guide, be thou our day,
Thou Christian's help, thou mankind's stay!
O aid us, Mary, Morning Star!
For toss'd are we, and home is far.

M. BODINE, '05.

Valedictory.

Very Rev. and Reverend Fathers, Gentlemen of the Alumni, Friends, Relatives and Fellow-Students:

NO small honor has been conferred upon me, in being chosen as the valedictorian of the class of '04. It is an honor worthy of the aspiration of every college student. As such I accept and appreciate it, but it comes to me, not only as an honor but also as a sad duty. You, to whom college days are only a pleasant memory, their cares and sorrows forgotten, their joys treasured,—you can appreciate the difficulty of my task, you can understand how, in spite of the happiness that graduation brings, there is present also in the heart, at such moments, a sorrow, deep and sincere. The word “farewell” is a sad word at all times, but especially when it means the severance of long and intimate companionship, the taking on of weightier cares with fewer joys. Then not even the bright fancies in which a youthful hope indulges can make the utterance of farewell a pleasant task. Hence, it were but to intensify this sadness were I to prolong our leave-taking with a lengthy address.

Since my entrance into this college several years ago I never realized so forcibly as I do today what it is to be a student of St. Joseph's. Examinations, graduation, and a valedictory were to me indistinct ideas. I could not understand how the valedictorian could stand here, and with apparent sincerity eulogize these “hallowed precincts and classic walls”. But today all is clear. The importance, the fullness of meaning, the associations of this remarkable day are fully comprehended. Life is growing more real and more earnest with every passing moment. Its cares and problems terrify us with the magnitude of their proportions.

They appall us with their seriousness. But are we not prepared to force our way through every tangled path? Are our weapons not true steel, bright and keen enough to brush aside as with a magic touch every obstacle that obstructs our path? Yes, most assuredly. These weapons, kind professors and loving fathers, you have tempered and burnished. They are the noble principles you have imbued in our minds and following which we cannot err. We know not what the future has in store for us, but if we follow the path marked out by your wise and loving direction, we know that our steps will be secure. Perhaps it will only be when the mellowing years shall have ripened our judgment that we shall be able to fully appreciate the value of the education which you have imparted to us here; to appreciate the devotedness of the teachers to whose enlightened guidance we were committed, and to understand the keen interest of friends, parents and clergy in the work we are doing here in our early manhood. We know that our success in the future will be your joy. Your kind words of encouragement and patience at our failings have shown this. God grant you suffer no disappointment.

To you, dear class-mates, I would say but one word. Let our motto, "*Hoc age*", be your guiding principle. Above all let us not lose sight of our ideals. Whatever we undertake let it be done with a will and determination. Let this especially characterize the class of 1904. Our paths will undoubtedly cross and recross in the mystic future, and if perchance fortune throws us together there will always be that deep-seated feeling of intellectual kinship that will enable us to recognize each other as brothers, as sons of the same Alma Mater, as fellow-students of St. Joseph's. May you play your part well, be happy and prosper wherever Providence directs your steps. With this I bid you a loving farewell.

Dear fellow-students, to you, whom we are to leave behind and may never see again, the companions of a thousand happy days, whose names are inscribed in our hearts,—to you we say with deep regret our last farewell and confide to your care the loving trust of cherishing and defending the honor of our Alma Mater. A multitude of happy and pleasant recollections will remain in our minds of the many agreeable hours spent together in the class-room and on the campus. Surely, our task would have been a hard one without your comforting companionship. You, as well as our esteemed professors, have a right to believe yourselves sharers in our pride and joy today. To you, too, we must say farewell. All I ask of you is that your remembrance of the class of 1904 be pleasant and frequent; a remembrance with which loyalty to principles and love to Alma Mater are intimately associated. With this assurance I feel my task is done. To you, Reverend Professors, to you, dear class-mates, to you, my fellow-students, and to all, a long farewell.

F. F. DIDIER, '04.

A Friend.

WHEN darkened clouds are hovering near,
And life seems drear and cold,
When cares and woes cause me to fear,
Your friendship then unfold.

Come then to me with words of cheer,
Come when the day is told;
Friend of my soul, I hold you dear,
Better far than gold.

D. L. M., '06.

A Radical Cure.

"I WISH, somebody would cure that Bob Simple of his mania for boasting. Last night at the restaurant he was discussing his favorite theme again, and there was simply no end to his sickening braggo-docios."

My friend seemed very indignant as he spoke these words. "What has happened now, James?" I replied, betraying, perhaps, more curiosity than the case required, "what can the fellow be bragging about, since with all his vaunted skill and experience, which he claims to have acquired in the West, he barely succeeded in procuring the position of fireman at the power-house?"

"O, I suppose he recognized that his skill as mechanic was not sufficient to establish his fame, so he turned upon some of his adventures with Kansas tramps. He told us that he cleared a whole county of a gang of tramps who had harassed the neighborhood for some time by their nightly depredations."

"I bet his long legs rendered him excellent service on that occasion," interrupted Ed. Reynolds, who had joined our company.

"No doubt, they did," returned James Lowell. "I tried to convey this much to Bob last night, but the fellow was so interested in his story that I could hardly get in a word edgewise."

"Let's go down to the power-house some evening, Al; I have a scheme in mind, and if Bob is really so bold as he claims to be, he might be of some assistance." Lowell and I cast inquiring glances at Ed. Reynolds when he made this proposition; it took but little explanation, however, and we were all agreed to visit Bob that same evening.

The power-house was situated on the outskirts of

the town. Its favorable location commanded a good view of some of the fine fruit farms near by, and shady woodlands bordered the road on both sides.

"Well, boys, I am certain that our two colleagues, Ed. Caldwell and Thomas Thayer, will succeed in the mechanical part of this undertaking," suggested Ed. Reynolds, as we were sauntering lazily down the leafy path, leading from his father's prolific vegetable farm toward the power-house; "but in case we fail," he added with a twinkle, "the laugh will be on all of us."

"Fail," said James Lowell, "better discuss that later, and let's keep our heads cool." But just then the lank figure of Bob Simple appeared at the entrance of the engine-room, and with a broad smile on his long, thin face, he hailed us welcome.

"Say, Bob, did you really fire at those tramps in Kansas, when you kept them from robbing that store, you were telling about last night?"

"Fire at them!" returned Bob, while his face reflected a flush of intense delight. "Do you think I lacked nerve when meeting with those desperate characters? Then you are mistaken in Bob Simple. I tell you, boys, facing the real danger makes a man bold. I wouldn't hesitate a minute to go out on a similar tramp chase this very night."

"Why, you are just the man we want," said Ed. Reynolds, noticing Bob's fervor. "Tramps have made our place a sort of rendezvous for the last three weeks, during nights, and I have in vain been trying to devise a means to give them an effective scare some night."

"This will put fear into them," said Bob, courageously, as he pulled a brand new Smith & Weston out of his hip-pocket. "Say, Ed, go to your place tonight and spy. If any of those rascals are to be found on the premises, we'll have some fun with them."

"Alright, Bob," answered Reynolds, extending his hand to Bob, "we'll give them a regular Kansas chase."

Not more than three hundred yards separated the power-house from the Reynolds farm. The town clock just struck two as we approached the buildings, which were sheltered on the west by a thick grove. The night was cool and a gentle breeze stirred in the foliage.

"Now keep your eyes open, Bob," whispered Reynolds, as we were making the rounds about the barn. "If we discover none in these places, we will search the grove and the orchard."

While the two crept stealthily along the outer fence of the woods, Bob was spying every spot, with pistol in hand. "It seems these fellows know that we are after them," muttered Bob, when we reached the path that turned toward the orchard. Suddenly he halted. "Listen, I believe I hear some one talking. Look!" pointing toward a cluster of small shrubs, "do you see that shadow moving? There he is again! It's a man. See, he is raising his arm; he is pointing at us. Stoop, boys; just let me get behind this tree, so that I can get a good aim." "Hurry, Bob! Quick!" whispered Lowell, in great excitement, "the fellow will shoot us if you hesitate another moment." Bob was white with fear. "Shoot now, man," I repeated.

Two shots rang through the night. A muffled groan—a heavy fall, and the formidable figure lay motionless in the grass. The sounds of quick footsteps indicated the flight of the other two. "After them, Bob," shouted Reynolds; "there they go, blaze away at them, they're running toward the power-house." Bob could scarcely utter a word, but moved along in breathless haste, measuring the distance with long strides. Another shot rung out of his pistol, but of the supposed tramps all trace was lost in the darkness of the night.

"Well, Bob," broke in Ed. Reynolds, as we all stood around the cheery fire in the engine room, "you taught one of them a lesson anyway."

"Did I really kill him?" stammered Bob, pale with fear and excitement, "I intended only to scare him."

"You scared him to death," said Lowell, with a smile.

"But what will become of him," sighed Bob, trembling in every limb."

"We'll take him to town in the morning and turn him over to the constable for burial," answered Reynolds.

"For pity's sake, boys, don't do that," cried Bob, vehemently, "better bring him here tomorrow morning, early, and we'll throw him into the large furnace and burn him up."

"All right, Bob, we'll keep the thing to ourselves," said Reynolds, consolingly, "but be sure and keep mum about it in the future."

That day passed on as usual, and no one connected with the nightly tragedy, except Bob Simple, evinced the least discomfiture. Long before the first streams of the reddening morning sun appeared on the eastern horizon Bob hastened to the power-house. He opened the door of the boiler-room, and the first glance of his eyes fell upon—the dead tramp. It was the last time Bob started the fire in the power-house. The stuffed man, for such only was the victim of that night's tramp raid, furnished him the fuel that morning.

In the evening we discussed the happy result of our scheme. "Poor fellow, in his enthusiasm he never noticed that I filled his pistol with blank cartridges, otherwise he might have suspected the trick." Well, with the stuffed man and the raising and lowering of his arm by means of a string, to make the would-be tramp appear aggressive and deceive, poor Bob could well be deceived.

For a year Bob Simple was not on speaking terms with any of us, but he had, nevertheless, profited by the lesson.

M. EHLERINGER, '06.

Richard Crashaw.*)

ONE of the most interesting characters of the Puritan period, both as a man and as a poet, is Richard Crashaw. His life, measured by the years which composed it, is not long, nor will his writings, judged by their volumes and extent, compare with the productions of the minor composers of his own time; but there is a quality about his writings that is enduring, and a simplicity about his life that will be attractive as long as it is known. His task in life seems to have been self-development in a spiritual sense. He toiled at this quietly, and overpowering desires he had to bring this work to completion is the substance he wove into his poetry that reflects faithfully the tenderness and the simplicity of his nature. His is a character that will always captivate and win sympathy. The story of his life, brief and vague though its outlines may be, is a source of inspiration. It is one of the the waste places upon which the twilight had come. But his influence and fame went into eclipse along with the rest of the men and things that the conflict between Puritan and Cavalier rudely jostled off the stage upon which the eyes of the English nation were riveted during the second quarter of the seventeenth century.

As a result, Crashaw's is not a name to conjure with in our day. His memory seems to have been embalmed in neglect and interred in the grave of the past. It is no longer a living voice calling to the generations of a later day, not clarion-toned as the voices of writers less able than he to inspire and lead men to worship at the literary shrines of their veneration, but resembles more the weary monotone of the muffled drum in the last march of the fallen soldier. Why this should be is

*) Read in the College Hall, April 26th.

rather difficult to state. He is one of the minor singers of poetry, it is true, but others, whose notes are neither so deep, nor so true, nor so high, still find appreciative hearers in the world of literature. Why Catholics have allowed oblivion to claim him almost entirely, is another of those enigmas in which the history of letters abounds, especially in view of the fact that Crashaw presents the only important contribution to English literature made by a pronounced Catholic during the whole of the seventeenth century. To solve the problem of this neglect would be almost equivalent to advancing a cause for the listless apathy of the present-day Egyptian toward the ancient glory of his ancestors—the glory of those who built the temples and palaces whose magnificent wrecks are now strewn along the borders of the river Nile. It would be stretching the point to say that our apathy is so marked as that of the Egyptian, but no tyranny with its blighting force has passed over us as it passed over them—death-dealing in the passage,—and which becomes for them an excusing circumstance when we look for the causes that led to the condition in which we find them today. In our colleges and universities, and literary hand-books, Crashaw is given only a casual notice, admired as a flower that bloomed in the garden of literature, emitting a fragrance in the blooming, but which has since become wilted, odorless, and dead. Shakespeare and the *dii majores* that are enshrined in the temple of letters, are, it appears, sufficient for the worshippers. However, one misses part of the beauty of nature if all the attention is centered on the giant oak of the forest while the tender flower growing at its base remains unnoticed.

The year of Crashaw's birth was 1612, and the place, London. It carries us back to the eventful seventeenth century, the years of which were crowded with action and accomplishment, whose motives and

causes are hidden away in a secrecy that has, as yet, not been penetrated. The prospect of arriving at satisfying conclusions in regard to the events that transpired during these years is, therefore, discouraging. But as that great analyst, Balzac, says, "We cannot know a character unless we are acquainted with the time and the events that form a background for it," let us take a glance at the literary and political environment of the poet. * * * * *

Crashaw's father was a Puritan preacher and imbued with those unaccountable ideas that have not entirely died out of the world, that the Pope is an intriguer and the papal government a system ever on the alert to undermine all authority which does not acknowledge the right of Rome to demand obedience in temporal and spiritual matters. The sermons and tracts of the elder Crashaw are almost entirely devoted to an exposure of what he called the fatal errors of Rome. A vigorous anti-Catholic pamphlet of our own day would scarcely contain more virulent bigotry than is found in the writings of the elder Crashaw. Richard's mother died before he emerged from infancy. His father married a second time, and the stepmother, from all accounts, bestowed as much affection upon Crashaw as if he had been her own son. His father died in 1626, and from this time till his matriculation at Cambridge there is no historical record extant. In 1631, he entered Cambridge University. He remained here in the capacity of a student and tutor until ejected by the Puritans for cherishing political and religious opinions favorable to the Royalists. During his residence at the university he enjoyed the companionship of an old friend of his father's, Dr. Benjamin Lany. Lany, at one time shared the belief of the elder Crashaw that Catholicity was what its enemies had pictured it to be. However, his views broadened, and from looking upon High Church doctrines with

favor, he began to recognize the reasonableness of Catholic claims and practices. In the eyes of the Puritans, to countenance High Church doctrines, was equivalent to the recognition of Catholic doctrine, because Archbishop Laud, then the head of the High Church, was considered the emissary of Rome, intriguing for the Pope under the guise of a High Church man. It was undoubtedly in these that the inherited prejudices of Crashaw against Catholicism were worn away by his friendly association with Lany. His religious fervor was growing apace with his mental development and the transformation from the narrow and rigorous views of his father to the practices and doctrines of the Church was occurring at a rapid rate. One of the main influences that tended to draw out the piety that seemed inborn in Crashaw was the society of young men formed at the university for religious purposes. It bore some resemblance, I imagine, to the company of students banded together some years later at the University of Oxford under the leadership of John and Charles Wesley, from which the Methodist society eventually arose. At this period he came under the influence of the saintly Nicholas Farrar, a member of the Anglican community, whose life was given to ascetical practices usual to the Catholic monastic orders. Farrar founded a community and enrolled in it those who were ascetically inclined. The Puritans, in derision, called it the "Protestant Nunnery". Crashaw was fascinated by the life of self-denial exhibited there. He visited it frequently and returned each time resolved to reproduce in his own life the conduct and the practices he so much admired in the community under Farrar. Farrar had come to look with favor upon the ritual and the teachings of the Church, and it seems it was a lack of grace more than conviction that kept him from aligning himself with the Church that Crashaw had the happi-

ness of joining soon afterward. The Civil War, which shook England to its very center, now broke out and the Puritans drove away from the University the inmates who were not in full accord with Puritan schemes and doctrines—another historical instance where the alleged cruelty of the Church was duplicated by the ancestors of those who raise their hands in horror at the mention of the inquisition and the barbarity practiced by the Church in forcing those outside her fold to become subject to her. Crashaw, according to the best evidence, was ejected with the rest and took up his residence at the sister university of Oxford rather than espouse opinions to which he could not sincerely assent. The Royalist and the Puritan army met at Naseby, and the appeal to arms was decided in favor of the Puritans.

Crashaw had long been meditating the step which he now took in joining the Church. He had been buffeted about by conflicting opinions, but at last, in 1646, the light led him kindly through the “encircling gloom” into the staunch and conservative arms of Rome, where a son’s affection was met by a mother’s love, and both were made happy by the embrace. Cowley, an Anglican poet, refers to his friend’s conversion with charming tact and delicacy:—

“Pardon my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For e’en in error sure no danger is
When joined to such piety as his.”

Crashaw’s sincerity in changing his allegiance from the Anglican community to the Church has not remained free from attack. Singleness of purpose was the leading characteristic of the poet’s life, but it seems to be the way of the world to misjudge the motives of those who renounce its aims and rewards, to follow in the path marked out and traversed by the gentle Nazarene. God moves in a mysterious way to perform

His wonders, and under the delicate but unfailing guidance of grace we enter realms the avenues to which are forever closed to the "majestic march of reason." Hence, to assert with Edmund Gosse, "that if the Civil War had never broken out, it is probable that Crashaw would never have left the Anglican community," is to seek refuge in a conjecture in order to cast aspersion on the sincerity of the poet.

And now, having conducted him along the thorny path which he traversed up to the great crisis of his life—his change of faith—let us leave him here awhile and consider him in his functions as a poet. Crashaw began to cultivate the muses shortly after his entrance into Cambridge University. His first public appearance was made in a small volume, prepared in 1632, which caught the popular fancy by the inclusion of a Latin poem celebrating the king's return to health. Another book of poetry issued about this time contains the much-quoted allusion to the miracle of Cana: "the conscious water saw its God and blushed." His most important poems were given to the world in a volume, printed in Paris, in 1646. The poems are of unequal merit and show that Crashaw often climbed to the Mount of Parnassus to a very respectable height, and that he also attempted to sing in the valley below without the inspiration that can be gained only in the ascent. His poetry consists of translations and original work treating of secular and religious themes. As a translator, he was beset by the usual difficulties incident to translation, but he shows more than average ability in evading these difficulties. Crashaw was a linguist with a command of six languages, and as a result, his translations took a very wide range. Justly famous is his rendering into English of Strada's imitation of the Latin poet Claudian, entitled the Muses' 'duel. It is a poem describing the rivalry between a musician and a nightingale and attempting to decide whether the

musician by the deft manipulation of his instrument has a more thrilling effect upon the soul than the nightingale's song. John Ford, one of the most prominent poets of the day, whose fame is far from extinction, was the first to give a paraphrase of Strada's fable. It has been imitated in every century since. Charles Lamb is inclined to award superior merit to Ford. Swinburne, the greatest of our living poets, says that between the beautiful versions of the fable by Ford and Crashaw there will always be a difference of opinion between readers; some must naturally prefer the tender fluency and limpid sweetness of Ford, others the dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, the supple and cunning implication, the choiceness and subtlety of Crashaw. Edmund Gosse, an authority among critics upon whom I have depended for much of the data in this paper, is of the opinion that there can be no doubt that Crashaw's version presents us with the brilliant attempt which has been made in our language to express the very quality and variety of musical notation in words. Imitation is always the best praise, and Crashaw is not wanting in such approval from the masters of English verse. His lyric richness and the almost perfect form which is most essential to the best poetry, has had its influence upon the poets of greater attainment. One of his translations from the Italian poet, Massino, entitled "The Abode of Satan", suggested certain passages to Milton in his *Paradise Lost*. From Crashaw, Pope gathered much fuel to feed that devotional flame which burns so brightly in his *Eloisa*. In his sacred poems he has been the forerunner of Shelley in more than one instance. Keats has taken Crashaw as a model for many of his best productions. Swinburne, who has shown new uses for the English language as a vehicle of poetic thought, in many of his best poems has deliberately imitated Crashaw. Unless Crashaw possessed merit

the poets mentioned would not have deigned to notice him in such an emphatic manner.

As a devotional poet, Crashaw assumes a more commanding position than that to which his secular poems and translations elevate him. The reason of this is that in becoming a devotional poet Crashaw was adjusting himself to the expression of thoughts that engrossed his own soul. According to the literary chroniclers, the publication of Herbert's "Temple", in 1633, determined the bent of his mind towards religious poetry. Herbert's poetry seems to have been the passion of the generation in which he wrote. He was the laureate of religious as Cowley was of fashionable life, and the historians inform us that his poetical reputation was wider and greater than Milton's. But long before this time Crashaw's soul had been filled with sentiments and ideas that made it impossible for him to be anything but a poet of religious themes if he were to be true to himself in the expression of things and ideas uppermost in his mind. Herbert's "Temple" may have hastened the moment when Crashaw's soul was to gush forth in those rare poems of ecstasy and devotion, but as a determining factor in drawing Crashaw to religious subjects, its influence is negligible. Similarity of aim there certainly is. Herbert, at the age of seventeen, had written:

"My God, doth poety wear Venus' livery;
Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise;
Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?"

The note struck here vibrates through all of Crashaw's poetry. Both had the ambition to show that the flight of the Christian poet should be higher and swifter than that of the pagan drawing his inspiration from the gross sources of sensuality, but a common aim does not prove a formative influence upon the junior by

the senior in point of time. The meekness of Crashaw's nature was sublimated into sanctity and the longings and the efforts that eventualized in this sanctity offered material, plastic to the touch of the worker, who moulded it into the beautiful specimens of the poet's art. It is this personal element in his poetry that gives it such charm and persuasiveness. The description that Frederic Harrison gave of King Alfred—a soul kindred to Crashaw—is not inapt when applied to the poet: "He is baring his whole soul to us, he writes as one on his knees, in the silence of his own chamber, in the presence of his God he is pouring forth his inmost thoughts, hopes and sorrows to the all-seeing One which knoweth the secrets of every heart from Whom nothing is unknown or hidden." Crashaw became a poet of devotion because he was devout. There never was a moment in his career when he could have been enticed away from the yearnings of his own soul to seek other themes and other sources of inspiration. The spirit of the times was the spirit of revenge, and the timid poet, as he looked out upon the scenes that surrounded him, saw that it was for others to bear the burden of the heat and the day of the angry conflict that was raging around him, but in it he could have no part. Martial strains that carried vengeance in every note were sounding and echoing about him. Puritan and Cavalier were poets in action, missing the high inspiration of the poet, lending themselves to the commission of low deeds of rancor and revenge. Crashaw was a witness of the struggle between man and man, each spurred on by the conviction that God's honor demanded the annihilation of the other, and both justifying the baseness of the means used by the alleged nobility of the end to be attained. But it is impossible to think that he might have become a poet to translate this into words and sing of the sword and battle and the glory of the country to which these things were

contributing, or the downfall of the country which these things were bringing about. Above the din and excitement and the fierce clamor, he caught the sound of other strains, softer and more entrancing—the strains of love which is the harmony between the creature and the Creator—the harmony which the poet Shakespeare says is in our immortal souls:

But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Crashaw was among the favored who heard it before the "muddy vesture" crumbled from his soul.

It is not strange, then, that Crashaw should be attracted to those guides who had ascended the dizzy heights where a close communing with God became possible. He was a mystic by his very nature and an intimacy with the rapturous outbursts of love and affection of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross and the Spanish mystics in general, was the conclusion to be looked for under these circumstances. Their writings and meditations are the stream from whose depths the pearls of Crashaw's poetry were taken, and the beauty of the heavens and the love of the Creator of which he sings are reflected in its crystal waters. By adopting such a theme, his poetry is not the poetry merely of an event or a generation. It transcends these limits on account of its universal character as the expressions of sentiments that are always the same, whether found in the overpowering utterances of Israel's chief singers or the charming verse of a John Keble. Longing for God on the part of the creature is an old theme, first appearing when the music of the morning stars, as they sang together, was heard in a sinless Eden, existent among men at all times since, and, which will cease only when it shall give way to its own realization in the presence of God. The treatment of the theme, of course, differs at the hands of different poets, but

Crashaw need not evade comparison with the best who have essayed to work in this department of poetry.

Having broken the narrative of the poet's life to take a survey of his work as a poet, let us resume. The long-drawn out conflict between Puritan and Royalist was slowly shaping itself in such a way that victory for the Puritans was no longer in doubt and the laurel wreath was placed upon the brow of the strenuous Cromwell. In 1644, Queen Henrietta fled to Paris. The poet Cowley, who accompanied her as secretary, used the influence of his position in behalf of Crashaw who was now an exile from his own land as a result of the Puritan victory. The Queen gave Crashaw a letter of introduction to the Governor of Rome, Cardinal Palotti. Crashaw went to Rome and for two years acted as secretary to the Cardinal. Crashaw soon tired of Roman society and secured a position at the sanctuary of our Lady near Ancona. This is the present location of the Holy House of Loretto.

Here, indeed, a delicious life seemed planned for Crashaw—to minister all day long in the sweet incense, to touch the very raiment of our Lady, stiff with the rubies and pearls to the feet; to trim the golden lamps, the offerings of the kings of the whole Catholic world; to pass out between the golden Cherubim and the brazen Seraphim. There in the very house of Jesus to hear the officiating priest, the bustle of canons, chaplains, monks and deacons, the shrill sweet voices of the acolytes singing all day long—this must have seemed the very end of life and the beginning of Heaven to the mystical Crashaw.” The joyful prospect here so beautifully pictured remained a prospect. The poet was about to enter the promised land, but was halted at the very entrance, and from the summit of another Mount Pisgah he surveyed the beauty and joy that opened up before him; and like that of Moses’ the culmination of the poet’s life was merely a vision

of what might have been. The happiness that dawned before him, may have been a glimpse of Heaven, which, an old legend says, is given to holy souls before they depart from the earth. His death occurred a few weeks after his arrival in Loretto in 1649, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

Thus closed the life of a gentle devotee of the Muses—of a saintly character whose song was an echo of his love toward his Creator. Born amid surroundings that augured not the happy ending of his career, he died in a manner that set a crown of glory upon him as the reward of his sincerity and goodness. Certainly a life nobly rounded out—in short, so full of the elements that win approval on earth and in Heaven that it becomes an inspiration working to conform other lives to itself when they are so constituted that they can feel the influence of the good and gentle Crashaw.

REV. THOMAS CONROY, '06.

Kind Words.

KIND words are little things
Most easily acquired,
Yet many a heart by them raised up
To higher things aspired.

D. L. M., '06



The St. Joseph's Collegian,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR BY

The Students of St. Joseph's College.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. 10c. PER COPY.

All letters and communications should be addressed: "THE COLLEGIAN,"
Collegeville, Ind.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind., as second-class matter.

THE STAFF.

FELIX F. DIDIER, '04, EDITOR.

ROBERT J. HALPIN, '05, EXCHANGES.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

AURELIUS KOENIG, '04.

IGNATIUS WAGNER, '04.

EUGENE C. LONSWAY, '05.

MICHAEL BODINE, '05.

RICHARD SCHWIETERMANN, '05.

FELICIAN WACHENDORFER, '05.

ALBINUS SCHEIDLER, '05.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.

EDWARD PRYOR, '06.

MAURICE EHRLINGER, '06.

JOSEPH H. STEINBRUNNER, '05, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Editorials.

The Collegian Staff has decided to publish *Farewell*. only nine numbers this year, the June and July numbers being merged into one, thus increasing it to sixty-four pages. This, we think, has been a wise move. The publication of the tenth number has always been attended with inconveniences, if not with serious difficulties, and with the greater difficulties this year on account of the several performances of "King Saul." The local matter will all appear in this issue and hence no need of a July number. But we have been wishing, if not longing for this ninth

number. We are not so inured to labors that a cessation from them fails to leave an impression of ease and contentment upon our minds.

Still, as we glance back at our work, we half regret to leave our post and relinquish our duties, however hard. There is a certain fascination about it all, as about a game of base-ball, and he who has once breathed its atmosphere, will always feel its charm. We have breathed both and that we should be loath to part with them is but very natural. Still our term is run and we must take our leave. What we have effected during this term in the editorial chair has often been done with effort and sacrifice, but always with a view of improving ourselves and advancing the interests of St. Joseph's.

We have received many words of encouragement from our friends regarding our work, and also much favorable criticism from our exchanges, and though we have been repeatedly asked to publish the same, we cannot do so for lack of space.

Success to next year's staff!



The troubles that never come often form *Hopefulness.* the heaviest part of our daily load. The worry, the fears and cares caused by apprehended miseries often work sad havoc with brain and nerves. The actual sorrows and disappointments have their comfort and cure, but there is no cure for troubles that never come. They are haunting ghosts, unsubstantial as mist, yet only too real in their depressing and baneful power over us. There is toil in our daily living; there is sadness and weariness; nevertheless blissful rest will follow. But the weariness of imagined cares and dangers drain the very heart of those who indulge in such unhealthful fancies. Each day comes as a fresh, bright gift from the hand of God. In it are contained all the experiences that His loving

wisdom has ordained. Meet and accept with a brave heart all that is in the day's portion, and despise all phantoms and shadows, even though they seem to blot out the smiling sun.



*Our
Baseball
Team.*

It is pleasing to note the progress which this year's representative baseball team has made, and in fact all baseball teams in Collegeville, for the past years. Not only has the material developed more rapidly, the games became more interesting and replete with rousing features,—but the playing was changed to a more scientific order. A more thorough knowledge of the finer points of the great game have been manifested. Years ago the fans were generally treated to either a slugging match in which the pitchers used little craft or strategy, or to a featureless game replete with fielding errors which resulted in a score that usually taxed the arithmetical powers of the score keeper. Such a thing as a dull game is rarely seen at present. By a glance at the game played with outside and interhall teams, it will be seen that no game ran a score above ten or twelve, while in preceding seasons there were twenty or even thirty runs. Nothing better than this could be desired. On the whole this year's set of players did nobly. With fewer drawbacks their record would have been hard for succeeding teams to equal. Their success is due to their own efforts and energy in "pulling together." Their example should be followed and with practice, good support, and a better schedule, next year's team should be a credit and a winner.



We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Davis Acetylene Co., appearing in this journal.

We are in a position to recommend this system of lighting most heartily. It has been in use in the Col-

lege for a year and has proven eminently satisfactory. Acetylene gives a bright light, which is, however, perfectly harmless to the eye, and the generating plant gives no trouble whatsoever. We consider this the best system of lighting for institutions, both on account of the quality of the light and regularity of the operator and for reasons of economy.

Exchanges.

WE were about to institute a search for the *Agnetian Monthly* when it again brightened our sanctum with its presence. Solid literary articles, bearing the impress of talent, well developed, always characterize the *Monthly*. "Sella" in the April issue, we read a second time with renewed interest. The beauties of American life and scenery as viewed by our most eminent American poet are admirably pointed out. Judging from the quality of its prose, we would expect more in the line of verse from the editors of the *Agnetian*.

"Parsifal", in the April number of the *Aloysian*, gives us a clear insight into the crowning work of Wagner's life. We are prone to believe with the author, that "Parsifal" rests on the positive Christian basis of the triumph of a noble soul over darkness and sin." The appreciation of the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley is strikingly strong. The semi-humorous "Rhymes with and without Reason", possess some beauties, but we would prefer seeing the *Aloysian* editors indulge their poetic fancies in worthier and more laudable poems or strains.

A weekly which we prize very highly for its many bits of interesting information is the *Home Journal and News*, of Yonkers, N. Y. To the article on "Saghalien" we are indebted for a thorough knowledge of the intricate workings and conditions of that fam-

ous convict island. Literary "Chit-Chat" and "For Our Young Men", are columns which besides being entertainingly written up contain points which do not fail to impress the reader with their wisdom and usefulness. "Little Gems" in poetry regularly ornament its pages, rendering it in every way an attractive and instructive Catholic Weekly.

We must now cast aside our well-worn pen and surrender our chair to our successor. Though we regret severing the ties that have bound us to college journalism, we can not but feel a secret joy that a year of labor is over. Visions of long hours under shady trees on the banks of a rippling brook tempt us too strongly to make us wish for a prolongation of our term of office. Bright and roseate were our views of College journalism at our entrance into its ranks; brighter and more roseate still are the opinions we entertain for the future of this noble work. The objectionable features are gradually disappearing; the warring element is fast rushing to its doom, and sound criticism is taking its place. It gives us pleasure to note that ex-men are awakening to the fact that their columns are something more than place for mere meaningless jargon, for criticisms and tirades of interminable length and of questionable authority. Ours is a higher aim, and the sooner ex-men fully realize it, the better it will be for all concerned.

The "Collegian" has received very kind and helpful criticism from its exchanges, for which we are very grateful. It was the criticism of friends, to be sure, but not of flatterers. It had the ring of sincerity and was as a rule discriminating. To all our acquaintances in ex-dom, a kind farewell.

R. HALPIN, '05

The Gymnasium.

AT last we are to have a gymnasium. When we look from the study-hall window we can see the foundations rising, so there can be no doubt the building will be a reality.

The necessary excavations have been made and the foundations begun on the north side campus, and the new building will be in direct line with St. Caecilia Hall. The plans for the new building were made by Brielmeier & Sons, of Milwaukee, Wis. It will cover a ground area of over 10,000 square feet. The architects have put forth their best efforts to combine beauty with utility, and the new building will have the most beautiful exterior of any on the grounds when finished. The front will be adorned with two octagons two stories high, and to the rear there will be a transept forty feet deep, thus giving the building the appearance of an ornamental capital T. To enhance the beauty of the exterior two naves project from the main body of the building.

Along the outside walls of the basements two double-tracked regulation bowling alleys will be constructed. The remaining space will be divided into three equal apartments for gymnastic apparatus. On the main floor a large hall 80x50x25 feet, will be left for special gymnastics and indoor games, such as baseball, basket-ball, military drills, etc.

In the rear of the hall a gallery will project at the height of twelve feet; it will be used for billiard tables, card rooms and general club purposes, at the same time giving a view of the large hall, making it convenient for the watching of games, etc., below. On one side of this hall a spacious armory and store-room are to be found, and on the other side a number of shower-baths and toilet-rooms, besides rooms for storing of uniforms,



base-ball traps, etc. The halls in the octagons of the same floor will be temporarily used as reading rooms. In the center part of the transept a stage will be constructed twenty-four feet wide and thirty feet deep. This will be shut off from the main floor by iron sliding doors. The wings of this section of the building will be occupied by six airy and cheerful music rooms.

The outer walls will be constructed of pressed red brick and Bedford rock foundations; the interior will be lined with glazed brick, no plastering whatsoever being used. The roof will be of tile.

The total length of the building according to the plans is 120 feet, and its width 95 feet. The length of each nave is 80 feet, and the width 16 feet.

With the new building and its furnishings, St. Joseph's will be fully equipped with all that is necessary for the promotion of healthy sport, physical development and general all-round athletics among the students for all times.

I. A. W.

King Saul.

A MATTER of the greatest pride to the faculty and students has been the rendition of our great biblical play, "King Saul." In fact, it has been the surprise of the year. In past years we have always selected a high class drama for our dramatic effort, fully realizing that the time and labor spent upon a good play yield rich returns, and we have never met with failure. In the presentation of "King Saul" we have scored another decisive triumph. It is a heavy play to begin with, so heavy that a Chicago critic calls it the "most difficult play that ever came under his notice." It is difficult largely on account of the length and nature of the monologues and the depth and nobility of the thought expressed.

The play is a composition of Father Oechtering,

Vicar-General of the Ft. Wayne Diocese, and follows perfectly in its outlines the Bible narrative of King Saul. It introduces the king after his war with Amaleck, in which he incurred the anger of God, and follows him through the subsequent tragic events until his self-inflicted death. As is well known, this is a story of wonderful dramatic interest and power, and Father Oechtering has constructed upon it a great drama.

The difficulties we met with in attempting its presentation were many. A prodigious amount of practice was put into it last year, which was cut short by sickness. Nothing daunted, we began again this year with an almost entire new cast, and a grand success is our reward. What amount of work was put into it this year is known only to the persons taking part, and to their dramatic instructor, Father Weyman. We did not allow the work to interfere to an appreciable extent with class work, though it is work of the highest educational value,—work that calls into play the highest powers of soul and body, which in fact amounts to a whole course in elocution, psychology and general culture. We knew the play was worthy of the highest efforts and we had determined to approach perfection as nearly as possible.

The first dress rehearsal was a surprise to everyone. After it was over it would have been the time to write a new essay in the philosophy of clothes. It was then realized that we could give the play a creditable presentation anywhere, in town or city.

Arrangements had already been made for a presentation in the Grand Opera House at Lafayette, and it was accordingly given there on the 1st of June to a fairly representative audience. Our rendition was a surprise there, too. Nothing like it in the line of amateur productions had been witnessed there for years.

Following is an extract of the Lafayette Daily Democrat:—

The Columbian Literary Society of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, was very successful last night in the staging of the famous drama, King Saul, at the Grand. Though the attendance was not all that could be desired, the work of each actor was far above the ordinary of the amateur, this being especially marked in the portrayal of "Jonathas" by M. Ehleringer. In the dramatic climaxes he carried out the part with the force they seemed to demand, especially in the despair after the slaughter of the people by King Saul. The title role of King Saul was taken by M. Bodine with great effect, while "David" was in the hands of L. Monahan. Though the acting of all the students was laudatory, that of Bodine and Ehleringer was especially commendable. Both costuming and scenery was very rich. About seventy of the students of the school came to Lafayette yesterday, most of them taking part in the play."

Other papers spoke in a similar strain, one classing the rendition as "justly on a basis with professionals."

On the evening of the 10th., the play was again produced at the College Hall for the people of Rensselaer, who came out in numbers sufficient to fill the hall, and all expressed their admiration. The acting on that evening was not up to the standard, at least not in the first scenes, owing, no doubt, to the fact that it was examination week. But saying that it was not up to the standard is not saying that we were not successful, it was a highly creditable production even on this evening.

The play was again very well presented on Commencement eve, better, in the opinion of many, than on any previous occasion. The audience being composed largely of priests, relatives and friends of these students, the boys were encouraged to make extra efforts. Every player was in his role from the very beginning, and the whole play received a magnificent interpretation.

At Indianapolis in the large and beautiful St.

Caecilia Hall, which seats over 800 on the ground floor, the play was presented on June 16.

The stage scenery was well adapted and beautiful, the audience large and appreciative, the players in best of spirits on account of their delightful trip, and the fine "spread" which the ladies of the parish had prepared for them, all of which helped to make the performance exceptional. In this performance, more than in any previous one, there was real professional finish and smoothness. Mr. Bodine especially, as King Saul, far surpassed his previous efforts. The audience was uncommonly enthusiastic, quick to catch the import of a line or dramatic situation. In fact, it was the most demonstrative audience that ever filled St. Caecilia Hall.

Private criticism from clergy and laity of Indianapolis agrees substantially with that given by a prominent priest of the city: "The play was the best I have ever seen performed by students. The selection of the young men for the various characters was most judicious—classical is the adjective that would sum up my many judgments of the matter."

Following are some extracts from the papers; space does not permit us to quote them in full:

"The members of the Columbian Literary Society of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, who presented the Biblical drama, 'King Saul,' in St. Caecilia Hall, Indianapolis, Thursday night of last week, scored an artistic success. Each actor gave a fine rendition of the difficult part entrusted to him, and the entire work was pronounced by competent critics to rank with the best professionals on the stage.

"The players received much applause from the large audience, which sat spellbound to the close. It is hoped that it may be given in Indianapolis again at an early date, as many were disappointed at not seeing it this time."—*From The Catholic Columbian Record.*

"Die grosse St. Caecilia Halle der Herz Jesu Gemeinde vermochte gestern Abend die Zahl der Besucher kaum zu

fassen welche erschienen waren, um der Auffuehrung des Drama's 'Koenig Saul' beizuwohnen.

"Auch viele Geistliche Hernen hatten sich eingefunden, und dieselben folgten den Vorgaengen auf der Buehne mit sichtlichem Interesse.

"Das Drama, dessen Verfasser General-Vicar Oechtering von Ft. Wayne ist, gelangte unter den Auspicien der St. Cecilia und Aloysius Vereine von Studenten des St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer zur Auffuehrung, und zwar zu einer solch vertrefflichen, wie wohl wenige der Besucher es erwartet hatten.

"Das brillante Spiel der jungen Studenten liess die Zuhoerer ganz vergessen dass es Amateur-Darsteller waren, welche auf der Buehne wirkten. Alle hatten vortrefflich memoriert, das Zusammenspiel war ein flottes, die Massenscenen waren realistisch und voll Leben—kurz, es klappte Alles, so dass ein Vorstellung zu Stande kam, welche allen Zuschauern genussreiche Stunden bereitete. Die Ausstattung liess nichts zu wuenschen uebrig und die historischen Costueme erregten allseitige Bewunderung.

"Das zahlreich erschienene Publikum zeichnete die Darsteller durch reiche Beifallspenden aus."—*Taeglicher Telegraph*.

"The play was excellently staged and acted. The costumes of the play are in keeping with the time and are very pretty. There are several dramatic situations in the play which brought forth much applause. A distinctive feature of the play is the singing of the Ancients, who are impersonated by the full college choir. More impressive and appropriate music is seldom heard."—*Extract from the Star*.

The *News* and the *Sun* has similar praise for the play.

Our own criticism of the rendition of "King Saul," briefly expressed, is this:

The performance is a very creditable one, at least for amateurs, on account of the dramatic power evinced by all the main characters, their perfect appreciation of the import of the lines, and their flexibility in entering perfectly into the character portrayed. The minor (it would be less correct to say, the less important) parts

share in the distinction of bringing out the individuality of the character.

The enunciation was very good, and improved with each performance, the gestures were forcible, appropriate and remarkably graceful, the modulation and quality of voice commendable, and the general bearing in harmony with the dignity of the play and the nobility of the persons. There was a spirit and fire in the speech and action that was a delight to the audience. In the beginning there was some evidence of rant, but it disappeared later. There was life and animation from the beginning to the end and perfect co-operation of all persons on the stage in the action. No listlessness in anyone. A fine feature was the grouping and changes in same.

The play owes its effect in a measure to the singing of the Ancients. The music as composed to the play for full choir by Prof. B. Dentinger, is singularly impressive and appropriate. To bring this out fully, Father Weyman left the choir intact, though some of the members would have done excellently in some of the main speaking rôles.

Mr. Bodine is every inch a king. Noble in bearing and gesture, and fine in facial expression. Mr. Ehleringer as Jonathas and L. Monahan as David play with a naturalness and gracefulness that is positively charming. Mr. Ig. Wagner's portrayal of Doeg, the villain of the play, is a wonderful achievement. In bringing out individuality of character, and laying bare the activities of his soul at all moments, he surpasses every other player. Mr. Jos. Steinbrunner as Sadoc, and R. Halpin as Samuel, give a true and interesting portrayal of their characters. The same can be said of nearly all others, especially of Mr. Ed. Pryor as the Witch of Endor.

To give a full and detailed appreciation of the ensemble effects of the individual scenes and of the play

as a whole would take us too long. The first scene, in which King Saul meets the Ancients and later the High Priest, is remarkable for majesty and elevation of action. It contains the keynote to the play, introducing the tragic element most effectively. It is ushered in with a grand song of triumph and ovation, and contains the other beautiful songs, one of protest, another of despair, and a third of welcome at the arrival of Samuel, the High Priest. The witch scene with its weirdness, mainly brought about by the song of the witches and the humming accompaniment of the choir is also a peculiar feature of the play. The effect of the drama as a whole is one of deep earnestness and elevation, leaving the listener in a world of sublimity and wonder.

The students who participated in the play had to undergo a regular series of practices, that often caused them no small amount of sacrifice, but the success to which they attained repays fully all the labor spent on it.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Saul.....	M. Bodine
Samuel, High Priest.....	R. Halpin
Jonathas	M. Ehleringer
Abinadab	M. O'Connor
Menchusa	E. Vurpillat
Sadoc, General.....	J. Steinbrunner
David	L. Monahan
Abner, Captain.....	B. Quell
Doeg, the Idumean.....	I. Wagner
Abisai	J. Bryan
Abiathar, Young Levite.....	V. Meagher
Achimlech, Priest of Nobe.....	F. Gribba
Siba, Servant to Saul.....	A. Koenig
Miphiboseth	J. Boland
Judah	E. Haab
Messenger	O. Hentges
Witch of Endor.....	E. Pryor
Baasa	E. Freiburger
Zarug	R. Schwieterman

Ebenezer	J. Seimetz
Sentinel	A. Michaely
Choragus	F. Didier
Choir of Ancients—	F. Kocks, O. Knapke, I. Collins, F. Wach-
	endorfer, A. Scheidler, A. Linneman, F. May, M.
	Helmig, J. McCarthy, J. Lieser, H. Fehrenbach.
Levites.....	T. Coyne, W. Coffeen
Servants of Witch of Endor—	N. Keller, J. Bryan, M. O'Connor
Soldiers and Guards—	A. Michaely, J. Freiburger, J. Seimetz,
	R. Schwieterman, E. Olberding, C. Kloeters, P. Wiese,
	J. Bultinck.
Dramatic Instructor.....	Rev. A. Weyman, C. PP. S.
Stage Manager.....	Mr. Edward Pryor

Book Notices.



Composition and Rhetoric, by L. Radford, Hinds and Noble, New York.

This new book on composition is evidently the work of an experienced and successful teacher. It is based on the assumption, as stated in the preface, that "the body of essential working principles in Rhetoric is small," and that good writing is not taught by long discourses upon the theory of fine writing, but by "practical illustrations and exercises." Through them the principles are brought home to the student and fixed in his memory.

The ability to write well at present is very general, owing in part, to the fact that it is taught well in the schools. Miss Radford's book is evidence of the progress made in late years in the method of teaching composition. In the number and aptness of the illustrations and in the manner in which they are explained and applied, it is superior to other similar works that have come under our notice.

S. S.

The Fatal Beacon, A Novel—Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

This work of F. v. Baeckel abounds in fine descrip-

tions and is in touch with all visible nature. There are gay pictures of every-day life in the country, and multi-colored portrayals of the hey-dey celebrations of holidays.

The lesson conveyed to the reader by the novel is that the sins of the father are visited even upon the innocent son. With what difficulties are the just beset on account of evil-doers! There is also a lesson of faithfulness under the severest trials, also that of dealing uprightly and squarely towards one's relatives. In some chapters there is tendency to spin out the morals in dry paragraphs, but this is infrequent, as a rule, the lessons are quite naturally interwoven into the story, it seems almost unintentionally.

There are some quaint glimpses of the musical profession, which exists during the times of the so-called "fahrende Schueler." The way-faring musician is a light-hearted fellow, unconcerned about anything that the morrow may bring, unconcerned too, whether what he does is good or bad, if there is only "fun in it."

We would often rather see the moods of the soul depicted by outward action than by mere narrative. These portions of the novel are rather uninteresting. They, would, in our portion, have gained much by being introduced in dialogue form.

F. M.

Personals.

The college entertained the following visitors during the past month and Commencement week:

Rev. George Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. Robert Mayer, C. PP. S.; Glandorf, Ohio; Rev. Stephen Weigand, C. PP. S., Germantown, Mo.; Very Rev. P. J. Crosson, Logansport, Ind.; Rev. H. M. Plaster, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. P. A. Kahellek, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. James F. Connelly, Logansport, Ind.; Rev. J. Seimetz, Peru, Ind.; Rev. E. J. Boccard, Delphi, Ind.; Rev.

Francis J. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. G. Schramm, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S., St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio; Rev. E. Grimm, C. PP. S., Minster, Ohio; Rev. M. Hamburger, C. PP. S., Coldwater, Ohio; Rev. G. Hindelang, C. PP. S., Celina, Ohio; Rev. V. Schirack, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind.; Rev. E. Lohmiller, Carthagen, Ohio; Rev. Louis Hefe, C. PP. S., St. Joseph's, Mo.

Mr. Wm. Flaherty, '03, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Clarence Myers, '03, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mr. Jos. Naughton, '01, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. J. Helmig, Peru, Ind.; Mrs. J. Dickhoff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Rosa Willard, Gas City, Ind.; Mrs. Louise Phillips, Gas City, Ind.; Master William Phillips, Gas City, Ind.; Mrs. D. W. Braden, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. D. Bryan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Anna Teehan, Negaunee, Mich.; Mrs. La Verne Seass, Negaunee, Mich.; Mr. A. Spornhauer, Celina, Ohio; Miss L. Thaelan, St. Johns, Ind.; Miss Mary Schumacher, St. Johns, Ind.; Mr. Charles J. Thines, Indianapolis, Ind.; Prof. Bernard Dentinger, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Hasser, Fowler, Ind.; Mr. M. Lang, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. Cyril Didier, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Aug Weinkauff, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss F. Lamb, Delphi, Ind.; Miss Winfrida Didier, Versailles, Ohio; Miss Alice Didier, Russia, Ohio; Mr. Stephen Didier, Russia, Ohio; Mr. H. Bernard, '01, St. Rosa, Ohio; Messrs Wm. and Mich. Gribba, Michigan City, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scheidler, Greensburg, Ind.

Societies.

C. L. S. The Columbians held their last quarterly elections on Sunday, April 24. Most of the officers having had but one term, election by acclamation was a predominant feature. The following gentlemen

form the present staff: President, F. Didier; Vice-President, B. Quell; Secretary, F. Wachendorfer; Treasurer, M. Shea; Critic, M. Ehleringer; Editor, M. Schumacher; Marshall, E. Freiburger; Ex-Com. Messrs E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, and V. Meagher.

The following program was rendered by the members of the C. L. S. on May 1st:

Recitation, "There's Room for You Up Higher" . . D. Fitzgerald
 Debate: "Resolved, That the U. S. should build and control
 the Panama Canal" . . Aff., B. Schmitz; Neg., A. Michaely
 Humorous Recitation, "Dean Thurston's Party" . . M. Ehleringer
 Essay, "Dates" F. Wachendorfer
 Song, "Soldier Boy" L. Monahan

The critic found his task easy and pronounced the program a failure. With the exception of the humorous recitation and the essay the numbers were not well memorized and badly delivered. Mr. Schmitz deserves mention.

The deficiencies of the above program were amply outweighed by the merits of the following presented by the Columbians, May 15:

Recitation, "Combat between Fitz James and Roderic
 Dhu" M. Bodine
 Baritone Solo, "Nazareth" F. Didier
 Humorous Recitation, "The Bald-headed Man" J. Becker
 Dramatic Recitation, "The Chief's Reply" V. Meagher
 Song, "My Native Isle" Orphean Club

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duke of Venice M. Shea.
 Antonio A. Schëidler
 Bassanio J. Bryan
 Gratiano M. Helmig
 Salerio J. McCarthy
 Shylock M. O'Connor
 Portia L. Monahan
 Narissa J. Sullivan

This was the last of the Literary programs presented by the C. L. S. for the scholastic year. Though

somewhat short it fairly attained the standard. M. Bodine surpassed himself in delivering the selection from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The scene from the Merchant of Venice was a creditable performance. Messrs Bryan and Helmig had good conceptions of the characters they impersonated. A little more stage action on the part of the others would have enhanced the scene. Mr. O'Connor as Shylock made a very creditable effort.

The Columbians may justly be proud of their work during the past year. With few exceptions they strictly adhered to their practice of rendering a program every fortnight. They performed their work with earnestness and zeal, leaving nothing undone to make the programs a success and a standard for future years. Thanks must be given the Rev. Moderator, A. Weyman, who was ever ready to lend his able assistance in anything that would further the interests of both the individual and the society at large. To his untiring efforts the Columbians attribute the greater part of their success during the past year, especially in the literary field. The Society would fain pay its debt of gratitude to their Parliamentary law teacher if they knew how. Mr. Honan has gone through very great sacrifices in order to be present at our meetings, and always took an active and cheerful part in the proceedings, correcting when necessary such mistakes in practice as will always happen to the uninitiated.

A. L. S. The Aloysians crowned their year's work on Sunday, May 22, by presenting the "Blind Prince," or "The Rightful Heir." Before the curtain rose Mr. Louis Bergman gave the audience a synopsis of the play in a clear and pleasing manner.

The boys did fairly well and the characters were aptly chosen. The excellent dramatic talent of the members should be studiously cultivated. Much credit is due Father Nicholas Greiwe, who trained the Juniors

and afforded us an hour of pleasant enjoyment. The cast was as follows:

Stanislaus, "King of Sarmatia".....	J. Miller
Edmund, "The Rightful Heir".....	E. Howe
Prince Rudolph, "Accepted Heir".....	J. Costello
Oberto, "The Honest Farmer".....	N. Allgeier
Elvino, "Son of Oberto".....	N. Nageleisen
Starrow, "Villain".....	L. Huelsman
Kalig, "An Upright Man".....	P. Gase
Molino, "A Villager".....	P. Miller

The play itself is abrupt in its parts and does not carry out its plot very well, thus the players were a little handicapped in their action, which makes their work all the more praiseworthy. Mr. Allgeier as Oberto performed by far the best. His action was in keeping with his role, and his speech was well understood. Master Howe also played his part in a manner that pleased all, so also Master Nageleisen, whose clear voice helped him greatly, to say nothing of his natural action. P. Miller as Molino, showed some natural talent at comedy, keeping the audience in continual smiles whenever he appeared.

St. X. V. Success has attended the German Society from the beginning of its existence. Much zeal and unthusiasm is displayed by its members, who manage to hold regular weekly programs.

The present officers are: President, Mr. R. Schwierterman; Vice-President, A. Koenig; Secretary, P. Wiese; Critic, A. Scheidler; Librarian, H. Grube; Marshal, F. Kocks; Ex-Com., F. Wachendorfer, C. Frericks and A. Koenig.

On April 24th, the society appeared in public for the first time. The following is the order:

Music, "Occidental March".....	Band
Oration, "Ein Blick auf die Litteratur Geschichte"....	P. Wiese
Comical Recitation, "Columbus".....	M. Helmig
Piano Duet.....	O. Knapke, I. Weis

- Declamation, "Die Burgschaft".....A. Koenig
 Dialogue from Schiller's "Wallenstein."
ButlerC. Frericks
PiccolominiF. Wachendorfer
A Song..... Quartette
 Farce in Three Acts.
"Schwabenstreiche"—O. Knapke, M. Ehleringer, R. Schwieterman, A. Linneman, H. Grube, A. Scherieb, V. Meagher, E. Spornhauer, O. Mentges, I. Weis.
SongM. Helmig

The members of the Society will continue their programs during the summer months, and are now at work on a play to be given on the first Sunday in July.

J. STEINBRUNNER., '05

Card of Thanks.

The Columbian Literary Society hereby wishes to acknowledge publicly their sincere appreciation of the work of Rev. A. Weyman and Mr. E. P. Honan, in its behalf during the past year, and also to extend its candid expression of gratitude to them for their untold services.

Athletics.

St. Joseph's 9.—Rensselaer High School 3.

For the second time St. Joseph's met and defeated the Rensselaer High School in a featureless game by the score of 9 to 3. Didier was too much for the High School boys, though they were this time reinforced by two professors.

The College team played fast ball and at no point of the game were they endangered. Dobbins was in good form but the boys hit him hard. The following is the summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
St. Joseph's.....	3	0	1	2	0	0	2	1	x—	9	9	3
Rensselaer	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0—	3	4	5

Batteries : St. Joseph's, Didier and Kocks. Rensse-
laer, Dobbins, Michaels and Headly.

May 11.—St. Joseph's 5.—Lowell 1.

The aggregation of baseball players from Lowell came down to St. Joseph's ready to beat the College youngsters but struck a snag from the very start. Our boys played the game for all there was in it, and succeeded in scoring five runs while Lowell was thankful to make up but one. Didier was on the firing line and the manner in which he retired the batters was a sight. Only three hits were secured and these were short. Ray pitched a good game for Lowell allowing us but two hits, but gave so many passes that hitting was unnecessary. The team played a good game and gave the right kind of support. The summary :

ST. JOSEPH'S.							LOWELL.						
	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shea, 1.f.....	5	0	1	0	0	1	Slusser, 2 b...	4	1	1	1	0	0
Sullivan, c.f..	4	0	0	0	0	0	Wood, s.s.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Allgeier, r.f...	2	1	0	0	0	0	Regner, 1 b...	4	0	0	10	0	0
Koenig, 1 b...	3	0	0	10	0	1	Ray, p.....	4	0	0	2	1	3
Fitzgerald, s.s.	4	0	0	5	1	0	Purdy, c.f....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Michaely, 2 b.	3	1	0	1	0	0	Dobbins, 3 b..	4	0	2	0	1	1
Kocks, c.....	2	1	0	11	1	0	Cross, c.....	3	0	0	9	0	1
Monahan, 3 b..	2	1	0	1	1	2	Calkins, c.f... 4	0	0	1	0	0	
Didier, p.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	Dutnall, r.f... 3	0	0	0	0	0	
<hr/>							<hr/>						
Total	30	5	2	27	3	5	Total	33	1	3	24	3	7

First base on balls, off Didier 2; off Ray 7; Struck out by Didier 11; by Ray 9; stolen bases, Monahan (2); Shea. Umpire, Freiburger. Time of game 1hr 35 minutes.

May 20.—Delphi 7.—St. Joseph's 5.

The team went down to Delphi and gave the team of that city such a scare as they never had heretofore. Our boys played all around the Delphi team, leading with eleven hits to their five, but (even though we hate to bring up such an old excuse) the umpire was just a bit out of practice and treated us to a series of rotten decisions.

Lonsway was a little wild at first, allowing a few bases on balls and a hit, on which two runs were scored. However, he settled down and played a good game. The fielding of our boys was great and opportune hits were features. Shea's home run in the third was the first of the year. Sullivan's work behind the bat was gilt-edged.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Delphi	2	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0—	7	4	2
S. J. C.....	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	1—	5	11	2

Batteries: Delphi, Roberts and Celauser; S. J. C., Lonsway and Sullivan. Time of game 1:40. Umpire, Mr. Jones.

May 25.—St. Vincent's 4.—St. Joseph's 2.

The team journeyed to Lowell to initiate the new uniforms of that city and what they did to poor Lowell was awful. Never was such a feast of hits enjoyed by St. Joseph's as when they fell on pitcher Ray for nine hits in the first inning, and scored as many runs. Our boys were exhausted after such work and were satisfied to let Lowell have a few runs. Shea's work in the box was wonderful, striking out fourteen men, and allowing but six little hits. Pitcher Ray for Lowell settled down after the first few innings and allowed but four hits. Calkin's work in the left garden was sensational. The base running of our boys was well done. Lowell scored one run on a lost ball.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
St. Joseph's.....	9	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—	12	13	3
Lowell	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	1—	5	6	4

Batteries: St. Joseph's, Shea and Sullivan. Lowell, Ray and Cross. Time of game 2:00. Umpire, Mr. Prentice.

May 25.—St. Vincent's 4.—St. Joseph's 2.

The team from St. Vincent's College, Chicago, journeyed to our quiet little home to do up our team with ease. But they soon found it no easy matter to

dispose of us so unceremoniously. In fact, had the playing of the team been up to the usual standard there might have been a different tale to tell. But that is what they all say. Didier's arm was not yet in trim after the wrench he gave it the Sunday before, and his pitching was not up to the usual standard. Nevertheless he retired nine batters on strike-outs and allowed but eight hits. St. Vincent's scoring began at once. Case hit safely and reached second on Schwartz's sacrifice. Mead scored him with a little hit over short. Mead went to second on McMahon's sacrifice, but died there when O'Brien flew out to Sullivan. For us Shea struck out, Halpin reached first by being hit, stole second and went to third on Fitzgerald's sacrifice. Sullivan flew out to Morrison.

In the second inning Burke and Kearns struck out. Rose drew a pass, Morrison hit advancing him to third. Case flew out to Fitzgerald. Our part of this inning was one, two three. St. Vincent's scored one in the fourth, when our first one also came in on Burke's wild throw to the plate. St. Vincent's scored two in the seventh when Case reached first on a fumble, stole second, and scored on McMahon's double to centre. McMahon scored on O'Brien's hit. Our last one came in the eighth, Shea hitting for two bases, and scoring on Fitzgerald's hit to right. This ended the run getting.

Our work was not bad, but opportune hits were lacking. The following shows the result:

ST. VINCENT.							ST. JOSEPH'S.						
	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Case, 1.f.....	5	1	0	1	0	0	Shea, r.f.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Schwartz, c....	5	1	0	9	1	1	Halpin, 1 b....	3	0	0	8	0	2
Mead, 3 b.....	5	0	1	2	1	0	Fitzgerald, s.s.	4	0	1	3	2	1
McMahon, p..	5	1	2	1	2	0	Sullivan, c.f..	4	0	1	2	0	0
O'Brien, s.s...	5	0	2	0	3	0	Allgeier, 1.f...	4	0	2	0	0	1
Burke, 1 b....	4	0	0	12	0	2	Michaely, 2 b.	4	0	1	4	2	1
Kearns, c.f...	4	0	0	0	0	0	Monahan, 3 b.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Rose, 2 b.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	Kocks, c.....	3	0	0	9	2	0
Morrison, r.f..	3	0	1	1	0	0	Didier, p.....	3	0	0	0	3	0
Total	39	4	8	27	8	3	Total	34	2	7	27	9	5

Two-base hits: McMahon, Shea. Hit by a pitched ball, Halpin. First base on balls, off Didier 4. Struck

out, by McMahon 9; by Didier 9. Stolen bases, Kearns, Rose, Case, Halpin, Sullivan, Allgeier. Umpire E. Freiburger, Rev. Hanley. Time of game, 1 hour 40 minutes.

June 4.—St. Vincent's 6—St. Joseph's 4.

On Saturday, June 3, the Representative team traveled to Chicago to play a second game with St. Vincent's. The weather looked very deceptive and scarcely were the teams on the field when rain began to fall at short intervals. We held the game till the sixth inning, the score being four to two, when the rain began in earnest and we were at a disadvantage. St. Vincent's scored two tying the score. In the seventh another cloudburst descended and the ball became unmanageable. Wild throws gave St. Vincent's two more scores and the game. Both teams played ragged ball which was largely due to the equally tattered condition of the weather. Shea was too much for the St. Vincent batters, and only three hits were secured off him. McMahon on the other hand was hit hard for seven. Freiburger's hit two bases was the best of the game.

The score:

ST. JOSEPH'S.							ST. VINCENT.						
A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Shea, p.....	4	1	1	0	3	1	Rose, 2 b.....	5	2	1	2	2	1
Halpin, 1 b....	4	0	2	8	1	1	Kealy, 3 b....	4	1	0	2	1	3
Fitzgerald, s.s.	4	0	1	2	2	1	Burke, 1 b....	4	1	2	10	0	0
Allgeier, l.f....	3	1	0	1	0	0	McMahon, p..	4	1	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, c....	4	1	1	8	0	0	O'Brien, l.f...	4	0	0	0	0	0
Michaely, 2 b..	4	1	0	2	3	1	Kearns, s.s....	4	1	0	2	3	0
Freiburger, r.f.	2	0	2	0	0	1	Schwartz, c....	3	0	0	8	0	0
Monahan, 3 b..	2	0	0	1	1	2	Morrison, c.f..	3	0	0	2	0	0
Fisher, c.f....	2	0	0	2	0	1	Winkler, r.f..	4	0	0	1	1	0
Total	29	4	7	24	10	8	Total	35	6	3	27	7	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
St. Joseph's.....	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 4
St. Vincent.....	0	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	— 6

Two-base hits: Freiburger; bases on balls, off Shea 4; off McMahon 2. Hit by pitched ball, by Shea 3; by McMahon 2. Sacrifice hits; Fitzgerald, Burke, Kearns. Struck out, by Shea 8; by McMahon 8.

Time of game 2 hours and 10 minutes. Umpires Donahue and Morrison.

The present standing of the Inter-hall teams up to date is as follows:

May 8—St. Xaviers, 8; St. Aquino, 6.

May 12—St. Xaviers, 6; St. Aquino, 2.

May 15—St. Xaviers, 8; St. Aquino, 3.

May 22—St. Xaviers, 3; St. Aquino, 4.

June 5—St. Xaviers, 3; St. Aquino, 4.

June 13—St. Xaviers, 6; St. Aquino, 3.

June 14—St. Xaviers, 4, St. Aquino, 2.

The game played against St. Vincent's at Chicago, June 4, finished our schedule for outside games. The team this year is well worthy of the confidence of their fellow-students and the success on the field is equal, if not greater than that of former years. It is true we lost a few games but for these we retaliated by scoring a victory afterwards. Captain Halpin's work in handling the men has proved his ability, and the hearty manner in which the team has responded and the general playing shows how effective his work has been. Our thanks are due to Manager O'Connor for his admirable efforts in securing such a schedule after a protracted delay. We are now in position to state that the next year's team will be as fine as ever, and with an earlier start we will have a larger schedule.

The manager of the base-ball team wishes to acknowledge the receipt of contributions from the alumni, and wishes to express his gratitude to both them and such students as have given him aid in various manners.

D. L. MONAHAN., '06.

Nuggets.

After severe mental strain Boeke finally decided that "An obituary is usually written by another."

Fisher: "Why is a white hat becoming to Lieser?"

Schmitz: "Because they become all darkies."

Which and Why?

The St. Aquino Hall is now divided into two factions. The bone of contention is this: What relation is Mike to Josie Bryan? Sister or brother-in-law? Information earnestly solicited by the newsboy.

Steiny's dictionary speech: "Whasoever possesseth my encyclopedia will please readily march it on stilts to '*ocean of knowledge*'" No. 3.

Coss. to McCarthy: "I've been requested to deliver an ex-tempore speech in the A. L. S. tonight." Mac: "What are you going to say?" Coss.: "My speech is too lengthy and too noble for this place, let it suffice to say that it is well written, well memorized, and will be accompanied with the *best* gestures."

Mauntel: "What is a caterpillar?"

J. Boland: "It's a soft bug which spittles tobacco juice but don't chew."

Herman, the author of "The Latest Latin Grammar" is also dudgling his ambitious "thinking apparatus" over another world astonisher, viz., "A new Card Game." The Local Editor is not sufficiently posted to render a complete elucidation on this needle-pointed (cambric-needle) invention. This, nevertheless, the author gives for stamped and sealed truth: "The pack will be jokerless and the number of cards in the various decks will differ."

M. Bryan: "Why don't the St. Aquino Team show battle when they suffer a defeat." Gnibba: "Scraping would get stale to them."

Two of our well-known base-ball supporters (?) failed to attend any of the games this season.

Haab: "Why are you so tanned?"

Hildebrand: "Cause I'z a base-ball player."

"And the powdery substance of Peiffer's stained hat fed the thirsty flames"—Shiller.

There is no reason why we should not have strong and snappy lads to master the pig-skin next year. We

will have our much desired "gym" which is truly the finishing touch to our desires, and then we need a healthy, willing, large and sturdy number from which to *select* an able eleven.

Won't St. Joseph's glitter on the base-ball diamond next year!

The sand pit affords great pleasure for swimming to several of the dusky tribe.

With some exceptions the students wish to express, not suppress, their unbounded appreciation to the band members for the highly classical selections they have rendered for the past few sultry evenings.

Next year should be an all round winner, for we'll have everything that modern inventions can afford.

Remembah—Sept.—1904.

Smiles said, "I wonder how my face would look in print?"

Are not the St. V. team star batters? Only nine punched the air.

That you all ease your overtaxed (?) sconces and enjoy pleasant hours in the merry summer time is the sincere wish of the—L. E.

The afternoon fame of Pentecost Sunday was a tight struggle between the St. Xaviers and the St. Aquinos, who won out in the close score of 4 to 3.

On Commencement afternoon the St. Xaviers defeated the St. Aquinos by a score of 4 to 2 in a ten-inning game. Batteries: Shaefer, Kocks; Lonsway, Myers.

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, F. Didier, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, E. Pryor, M. Shea, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, J. Bryan, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, J. McCarthy, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, H. Fuertges, L. Hildebrand, A. Michaely, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, P. Gase, J. F. Costello, P. Caesar.

90-95 PER CENT.

L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, J. Sullivan, N. Keller, J. Costello, E. Howe, M. Lang, G. Meier, J. Grimmer, E. Hassler, E. Neumeier, W. Meiering, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Miller, J. Saccone, E. Carlos, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer, A. Saccone, L. Scohy.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

R. Halpin, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, I. Collins, H. Grube, I. Weis, R. Beck, E. Howe, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, E. Hassler, L. Nageleisen, T. Coyne, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, J. F. Costello.

84-90 PER CENT.

J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, V. Meagher, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, F. May, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, M. Schumacher, A. Scherrieb, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, A. Michaely, E. Neumeier, W. Coffeen, A. Teehan, U. Reitz, B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, J. Saccone, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer, L. Scohy.



Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this journal. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



BETWEEN
CHICAGO,
INDIANAPOLIS,
CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
AND THE SOUTH.

TWO TRAINS DAILY

TO THE FAMOUS
HEALTH RESORT **FRENCH LICK SPRINGS**

IN THE ORANGE COUNTY HIGHLANDS.

THE BEST MINERAL
WATERS ON EARTH.

City Ticket Office: . . . 232 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LANDS YOU AT THE GATE.

ALL THE MOST IMPORTANT TRAINS OF THE

WABASH RAILROAD

Now run into St. Louis by way of World's Fair Grounds, stopping at Wabash World's Fair Station, located at the Main Entrance. The Wabash is the only line that sells tickets and checks baggage direct to the World's Fair main gate.

Excursion tickets on sale daily. Very low rate coach tickets sold twice a week. Write for full particulars, and a copy of folder containing a map of St. Louis and the Fair Grounds.

F. A. PALMER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
311 Marquette Bldg. Chicago, Ills.

Why not earn \$300 during the vacation season?

OVER fifty college and seminary students will be in the field for us the coming summer. They learned of the great success of Joseph Herman and others last year. Mr. Herman is a student at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, and in six weeks he earned over \$250. If you want to do profitable work that will be an education in itself write us. Give particulars as to whether you desire to do work in your home territory or to travel. We are now reserving territory for vacation workers. Send today for particulars.

Don't delay until vacation time, but write now so that all arrangements may be made beforehand. This is an especially good opportunity for seminarians, college students and teachers.

MEN AND WOMEN is the great National Catholic Home Journal

THE MEN AND WOMEN PUBLISHING CO., 111 to 117 Longworth St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ALTAR WINES, R. KREUZBERGER, LOGANSPOBT, IND.

• •

REFERENCES:

Rt. Rev. HERMAN JOSEPH ALERDING, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Very Rev. A. SCHEIDELER, V. G., Indianapolis, Ind.

Rev. H. KOEHNE, St. Joseph's Church, Logansport, Ind.

NEW NAME! NEW GOODS! NEW MACHINERY!
NEW MANAGEMENT!

KORTEN BROTHERS CO.

Successors to OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.

Established 1875.

WHOLESALE COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES,
BAKING POWDERS AND EXTRACTS,
CHICAGO.

WE WORK IN OUR CUSTOMERS' INTEREST ALWAYS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEORGE E. MURRAY

ALWAYS CARRIES A FULL
LINE OF LATEST STYLES OF

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS AND
FINE SHOES.

EVERYTHING NEW IN GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

GEORGE E. MURRAY, Rensselaer, Ind.

FEED
LUMP
CARBIDE
YIELDING

MORE
AND
BETTER
GAS

"RUN LIKE A CLOCK"

DAVIS

GAS GENERATORS

MAKE ATTRACTIVE HOMES
LIGHT STORES BRIGHTLY
INCREASE FACTORY OUTPUT
LIGHT TOWNS ECONOMICALLY
MAKES BEST LIGHT, SAVE MONEY
4th YEAR USED IN 33 STATES

Inform
Yourself
Send for
Free
Catalog

ACETYLENE CO. Elkhart, Ind.

DO
NOT CLOG
BURNERS

SAFEST
PLANTS
MADE

ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. L. BROWN,
.Dentist.

CROWN AND BRIDGEWORK
A SPECIALTY.

Over Larsh's Drug Store,
Rensselaer, Ind.

WHILE ATTENDING THE COLLEGE
DON'T FAIL TO CALL AND SEE

JAY W. WILLIAMS,
The Furniture and Carpet Dealer,
AT RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

H. F. PARKER,

COLLEGE
WORK A
SPECIALTY.

The Photographer,
PAVILION STUDIO,

RENSSELAER, IND.

YOU WILL PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER BY
WEARING

ROYAL TAILOR MADE CLOTHES
AND
PINGREE MADE SHOES

I. J. PORTER & CO., Agents.

CALL ON JOHN HEALY

.. FOR ..

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRING.

WORK NEATLY DONE.

ALSO A LINE OF PORPOISE SHOE LACES AND RUBBER
HEELS ON HAND.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

College
and Class
Pennants



With Initials of College or Class Number

Made of

• **Sateen, Felt or Silk** •

*Any Color or Combination
of Colors.*

12x18 inches,	\$1.40 to \$7.00 per dozen
14x24 inches,	\$2.40 to \$9.75 per dozen
24x36 inches,	\$3.00 to \$22.00 per dozen

Send for Special College Circular No. 314, listing and illustrating Pennants, College and Class Caps, Clothing Hangers, Trouser Stretchers, Cadet Necessities, Lapel Buttons, Ladies' Presentation Belts, Hat Pins, Cuff Buttons, Etc.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

AT OUR STORE YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND A FULL **Line of Drugs**

✿ Prescriptions Promptly and Carefully Filled. ✿

A COMPLETE LINE OF PATENT
MEDICINES ALWAYS ON HAND.

LARSH, THE DRUGGIST.

RENSSELAER, IND.

WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN THE

MEAT LINE,

CALL ON US

AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO RECEIVE THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

J. J. EIGELSBACH, ✿ Rensselaer, Ind.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. F. LONG, THE DRUGGIST

POPULAR
PLACE FOR PURE DRUGS.

Endless Variety of School Supplies, Wall Paper, Window Shades.

PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED DAY AND NIGHT.

RENSSELAER, IND.

THE IDEAL, A Strictly ONE PRICE
CLOTHING HOUSE.

BUSINESS DONE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES ONLY.

NO MISREPRESENTATIONS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOUIS WILDBERG, Proprietor,

Under the Opera House.

RENSSELAER, IND.

LONG & HARDMAN
JEWELERS,

DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY AND FANCY CHINA,

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

RENSSELAER, IND.

J. W. HORTON,

..Dentist..

CROWN AND BRIDGEWORK
A SPECIALTY.

Office: Opp. Court House,
Rensselaer, Ind.

==NOTICE!==

When you come to Rensselaer you must EAT. We suggest that you try

W. C. MILLIRON'S NEW BAKERY AND LUNCH ROOM,

Where you will find a nice, quiet place to Lunch. Will carry in stock a full line of Bakery Goods. Canned Goods in all grades. Fruits, Confectioneries, etc., Wholesale and Retail. OYSTERS and ICE CREAM in Season. Will make a specialty of W. I. Shearer's celebrated Ice Cream. Will be pleased to see all our old patrons, and ask all to call and see one of the finest SODA FOUNTAINS in Northern Indiana.

ROSS HAUKINS, Clerk.

W. C. MILLIRON

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WARNER BROS.

ALWAYS CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

**Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Wagons, Machines,
AND ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.**

PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

RENSSELAER, IND.

IF YOU WANT THE **Line of Lumber,**
BEST IN THE

*YOU CAN BUY IT AT THE
RIGHT PRICE OF US.*

DONNELLY LUMBER CO.

RENSSELAER, IND.

PLAY POOL, BILLIARDS, AND BOWL

WE
RESPECTFULLY
SOLICIT THE
TRADE OF THE
COLLEGE BOYS.

AT _____

E. E. PREBLE'S,

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

P. W. CLARK,

WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
AND JEWELRY.

Watches Repaired.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

JOHN EGER,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars,
Glass and Queensware.



**RENSSELAER,
INDIANA.**



ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. SZWIRSCHINA & CO.

MASQUERADE AND
THEATRICAL COSTUMES,

1110 VINE STREET.

CINCINNATI, O.

DON'T FORGET THAT
FENDIG'S CITY DRUG STORE

IS HEADQUARTERS

FOR BASE BALL AND FOOTBALL SUPPLIES,
TENNIS AND GOLF GOODS

CIGARS AND PIPES, FINE STATIONERY, ALL KINDS OF TOILET
PREPARATIONS.

Our Phone No. 67.

North Side Washington Street.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, PRINTERS OF THE
HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE.

PONTIFICAL INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN ART.

PUBLISHERS

—AND—

BOOKSELLERS.



Manufacturers and Importers of
Church Ornaments, Vestments,
Banners, Regalia, Religious Articles.

Standard Catholic School Books and Prayer Books. Textbooks
for Colleges and Seminaries always on hand.
Regular Importation of Foreign Books...

343 Main Street.

(P. O. Box 857)

CINCINNATI, O.

W. H. EGER,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE AND RANGES,

RENSSELAER, IND.

RUSH TRANSFER AND BUS LINE.

(OWEN) PHONE 239.

CALLS FROM COLLEGE PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

NOWELS HOUSE BUS.

